VERSES

Made upon the several

FESTIVALS

O F

NOVEMBER,

And Remarkable Days in the

Whiggish-Calender,

By Way of Remembrance to all Loyalists, and Caution to all Turks, Infidels, Jews, and other Dissenters.

By *Merlynnius Redivivus.*

THOu Sun that sheweſt the Days, look down and see
A Month more shining by Events than thee:
Departed *Saints* and *Souls*, Sign'd it before, *All Saints All Souls.*
But now the *Living* Sign it more.

A Bate

Bate us that Uſhering Curſe ſo dearly known,
And then the Month is all our own:
So at the firſt Darkneſs was thrown about,
The unſhaven Earth and Light was thence ſtruck out.
The 3d day, The Aſſembly of the unhappy Parliament.
Draw the firſt Curtain, and the Scene is then,
A triple State of cull'd and truſted Men.
Rump.
Men, in whoſe hands 'twas once to have given us more
Than our bold Fathers ever asked before.
Who had they uſed their Princes Grace, had got
What no Arms could, and theirs ſhall not;
What more than Witchcraft did our Bleſſing curſe,
And made the Cure make evils worſe;
'Tis the third day, throw in the blackeſt Stone,
Mark it for curs'd, and let it ſtand alone.
But hold! ſpeak gentler things, this fourth was ſeen,
The 4th day, The Birth of the Princeſs Mary.
The ſofteſt Image of our Beauteous Queen:
Bring me a Lamb not uſed to Elder Food,
That hath as yet more Milk then Blood,
That to the Honour of this early Bride,
like *Thetis* joyned to *Peleus* ſide:
Some tender thing may fall, though none can be,
So white ſo tender as is ſhe,
Whilſt we at home our little Turffe debate,
She ſpreads our Glories to another State.
The 5th day, deliverey from the Gunpowder Treaſon.
Next view a Treaſon of the worſt intent,
Had not our own done more then others meant.
Religion is the thing both ſides pretend,
But either to a different end;
They out of Zeal labour to rear their own,
Theſe out of Zeal to pull all down:

Bleſs

Bleſs us from theſe as them; But yet compare
Thoſe in the Vault, theſe in the Chair,
Though the juſt Lot of unſucceſsful ſin,
Fix their's without, you'll find worſe heads within.
But heark! what Thunder's that, who thoſe Men
Flying towards Heaven, but falling down agen?
Whoſe thoſe black Corps caſt on the guilty Shore,
'Tis ſin that ſwim'd to it's own Door.
'Tis the third ſcourge of Rebels, which allow'd
Our Army like the Prophets Cloud;
Did from an handful rear, until at laſt
Their Skie was by it over-caſt.
But as Snakes hiſs after they have loſt their Sting,
The Traytors called this Treachery in the King.
Away and view the Graces and the Hours,
Hovering aloof, and dropping mingled Flowers
Upon a Cradle where an Infant lay,
More Grace more Goddeſs then were they.
Thrice did they deſtine her to paſs the Seas,
Love made her thrice to paſs't with eaſe:
To raiſe a ſtrength of Princes firſt, and then
To raiſe another ſtrength of Men;
Moſt fruitful Queen, we boaſt both Gifts, and thus
The Day was meant to you, the Joy to us.
Next to this Mother ſtands a Virgin Queen,
Courting and Courted whereſoever ſeen.
The Peoples Love firſt from her Troubles grew,
Her Reign then made that Love her due:
That comely Order that did then Adorn,
Both Fabricks now by Factions Torn.

The 12th day King Charles the First, Victory at Branford.

The 15th day Q. Catherine's *birth-days omitted.*

The 16th day The Birth of our Gracious Queen Mary *King* Charles *the First his Queen.*

The 17th day The beginning of Queen Elizabeths *Reign.*

That

That form by her allowed of *Common Prayer*,
Is ſtiled now, Vain bearing of the Air:
How do they Honour, how forſake her Crown,
Her times are ſtill cry'd up, but practis'd down.
Reach laſt the whiteſt Stone the World yet knew,
White as his Soul to whom the day is due;
Son of the Peaceful *James*, how is he bleſt
With all his Bleſſings, but his reſt;
Though undeſerved times call all his Powers,
And Troubles ſeaſon other Hours,
Let this day Flow to him as void of care,
As Feaſts to Gods and Poets are:
The which is juſt, O Heavens! All our ſtrife
Hath added to his Glories, add ye to his life;
And now ſince his large heart with hers is met,
Whoſe day the Stars on purpoſe near his ſet.
November ſhall to me for ever ſhine,
Red in its Ink, Redder in its Wine;
And ſince the Third, who almoſt hath made ſhift
To abſolve the Treaſon of the Fiſt,
Cannot be well remembred or forgot,
By Loyal hearts as if 'twere not,
The laſt extream againſt the firſt wee'll bring,
That gave us many Tyrants, this a King.

The 9th day The Birth of our Gracious King Charles the First, that bleſſed Martyr.

F I N I S.

9
12
27
30

Printed in the Year 1685.

34698